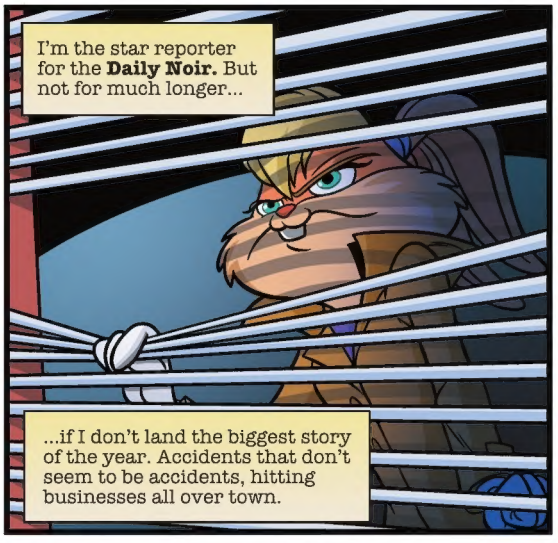
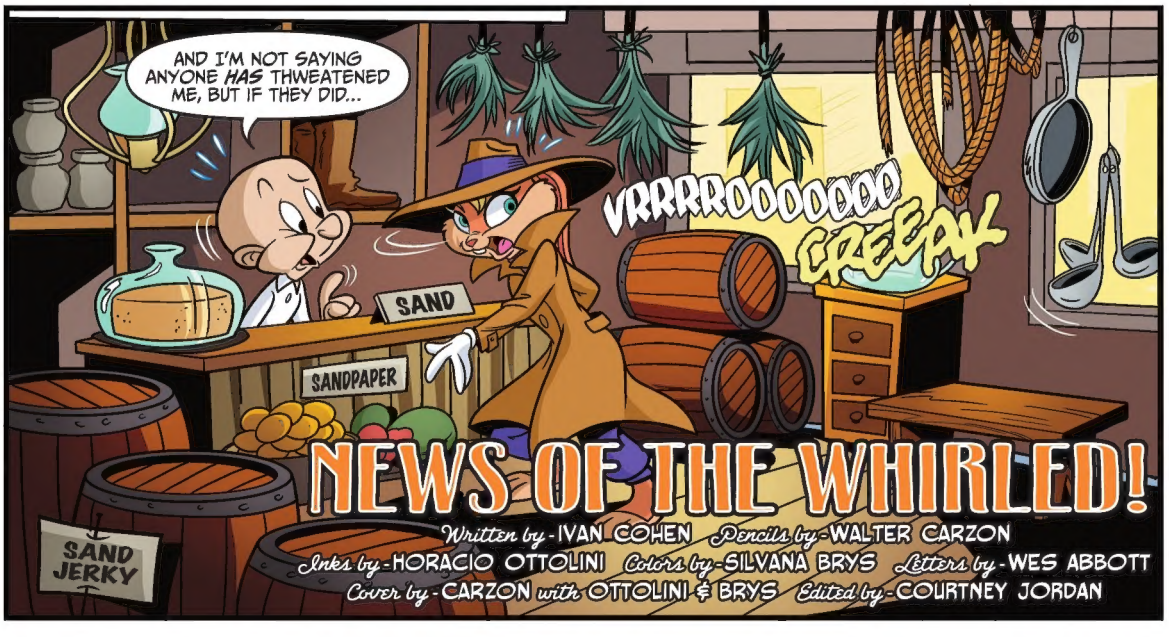
DC
276
LOONEY TUNES
COHEN
CARZON
OTTOLINI
BRYS
LOONEY TUNES
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY TO BURY THE LEDE!
WALTER CARZON
HORACIO OTTOLINI
& SIL BRYS
13+
TEEN

DAILY NOIR
My name is **Lola Bunny.** I'm going to assume you've heard of me, unless you're one of those uneducated types that don't read the papers.


I'm the star reporter for the **Daily Noir.** But not for much longer...
...if I don't land the biggest story of the year. Accidents that don't seem to be accidents, hitting businesses all over town.

ACE REPORTER
It sounds like a protection racket to me. Owners pay up or else bad things happen.
But nobody's talking.

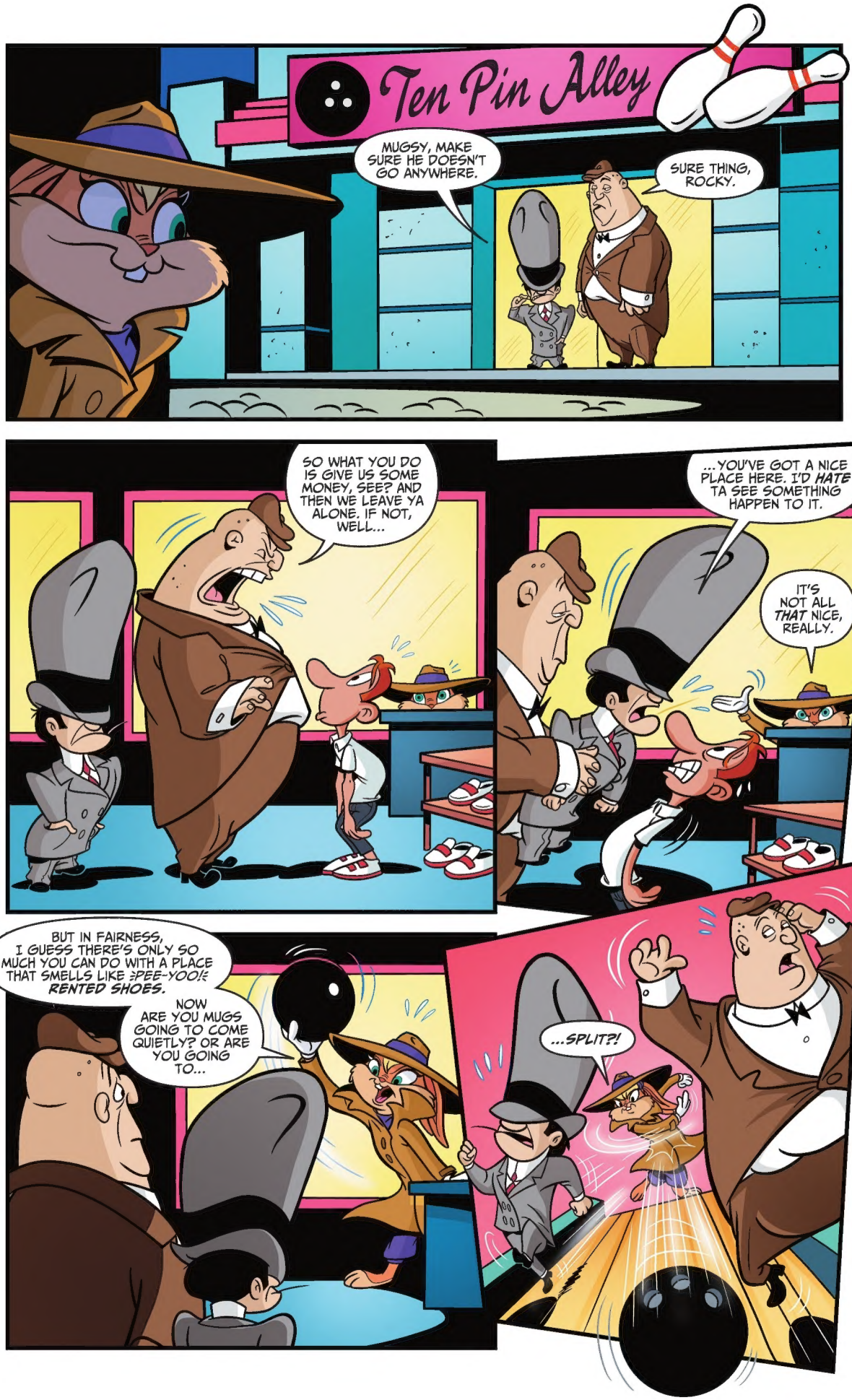
ELMER'S DRY GOODS
Nobody.
PWOTECTION? YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING TOO MANY OLD MOVIES, LADY.

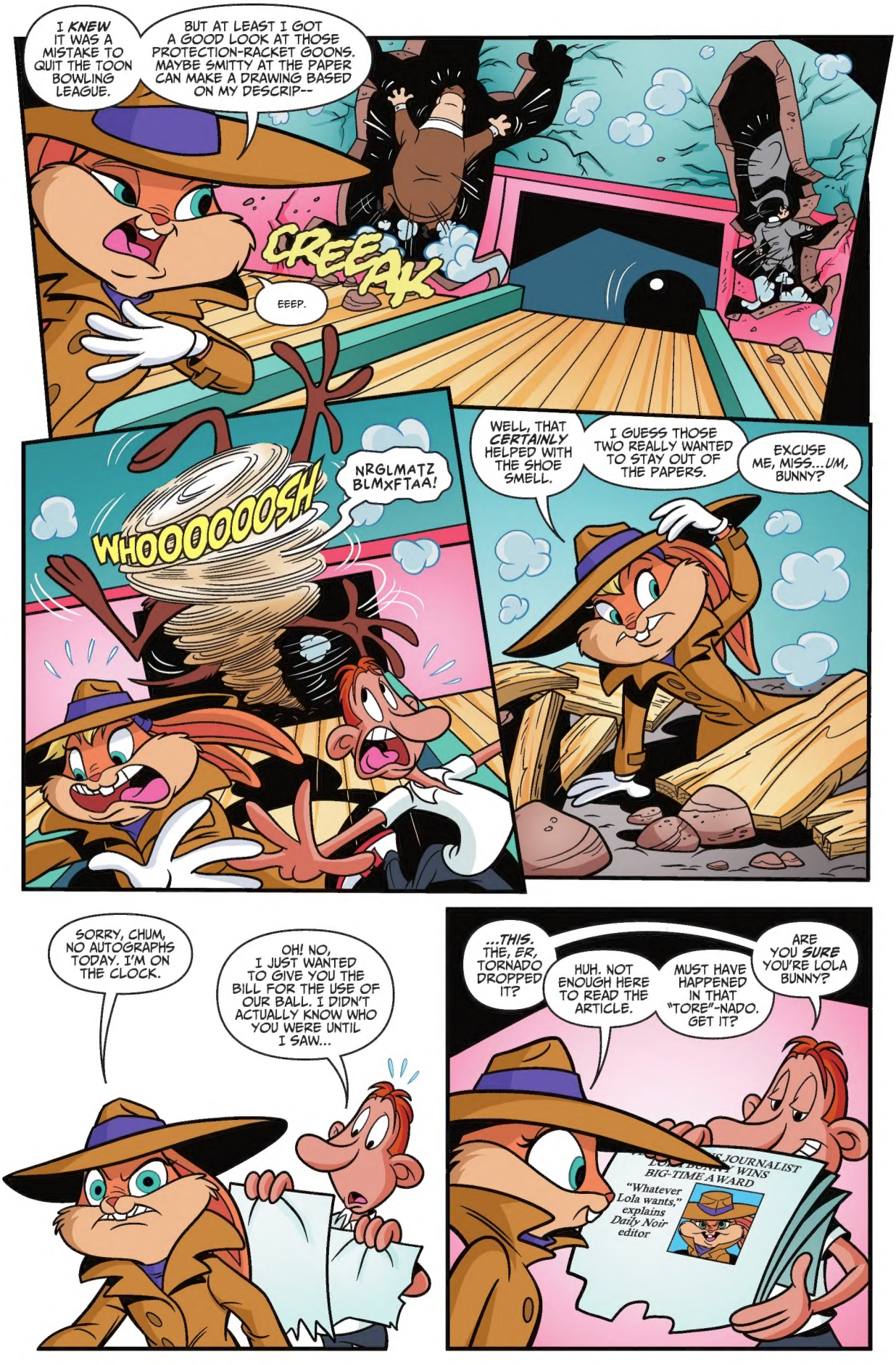

AND I'M NOT SAYING ANYONE *HAS* THWEATENED ME, BUT IF THEY DID...
VRRRROOOOOOO
CREEAK
SAND
SANDPAPER
SAND JERKY
NEWS OF THE WHIRLED!
Written by - IVAN COHEN Pencils by - WALTER CARZON
Inks by - HORACIO OTTOLINI Colors by - SILVANA BRYS Letters by - WES ABBOTT
Cover by - CARZON with OTTOLINI & BRYS Edited by - COURTNEY JORDAN

ANOTHER BUSINESS OWNER RUINED.
"I'D PROBABLY PAY NEXT TIME."
LOLA! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
I TOLD YOU, SAM, THE GUY WAS TOO SCARED TO TELL ME WHO ASKED HIM FOR A PAYOFF!
NONE OF THEM WILL TALK, EVEN AFTER THEY GET HIT BY THIS WHATEVER-IT-IS!
EDITOR
ACE EPORTER
AND I TOLD YOU THAT'S NO EXCUSE, YA LONG-EARED NEWSHOUND!
SOMETHING'S GOT THESE BUSINESSES SCARED, AND THE POLICE DON'T HAVE A CLUE!
EDITOR
WHAT'S WORSE, IT'S NOT ONLY LITTLE BUSINESSES ANYMORE. I JUST HEARD FROM OUR PUBLISHER. SHE GOT A THREATENING PHONE CALL THIS MORNING!
SHE'S NOT GOING TO PAY, BUT THEY COULD COME AFTER US AT ANY T--
VRROOOOOOO
CREEAK
UH-OH.
WHOOOOOOOSH
DAILY NOIR

EDITOR
A REPORTER
I'M GOING TO... UM, GO.
EDITOR
A REPORTER
I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, BOSS!
This story just became personal. The **Daily Noir** is not just the **best** paper in town, it's the **only** one.
Maybe this map will help me find a pattern.
MAP TO LOCAL BUSINESSES
UPDATED!
Huh. When they say **updated,** they aren't kiddin'.
Looks like the wrecked buildings are going in a straight line!
THE NEXT BUSINESS IN TROUBLE SHOULD BE JUST A BLOCK OR TWO AWAY.
That map was a real lifesaver.
When this is over I've gotta send a thank-you note to the Chamber of Com--
AH, NERTZ.

Looks like this map is going to need **another** update.
CHAM ER OF C MMERC
I'm definitely getting closer to catching these shakedown guys in the act.
But I'm running out of time...
SERENI-T
NEVER-GO FITNESS
PANT
...and **breath.** If I can just get far enough **ahead** of them...
IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS. ALL WE NEED IS SOME PLASTER AND PAINT AND WE'LL BE JUST FI--
CRUNCH
OOOH, THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A MARK.
SORRY I CAN'T STICK AROUND! SEE YOU AT TH' REOPENING, WHENEVER THAT IS!

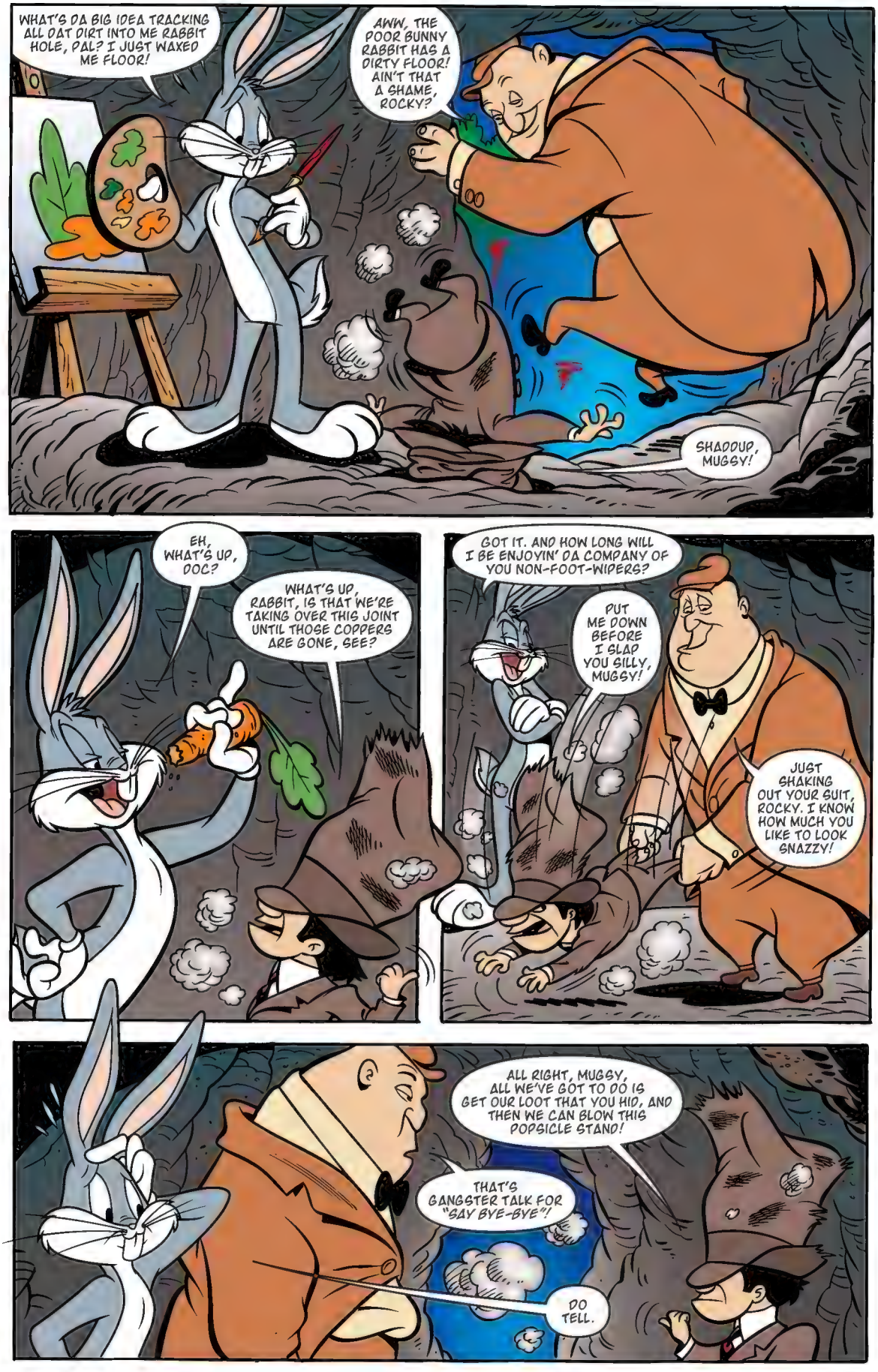

Ten Pin Alley
MUGSY, MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GO ANYWHERE.
SURE THING, ROCKY.
SO WHAT YOU DO IS GIVE US SOME MONEY, SEE? AND THEN WE LEAVE YA ALONE. IF NOT, WELL...
...YOU'VE GOT A NICE PLACE HERE. I'D *HATE* TA SEE SOMETHING HAPPEN TO IT.
IT'S NOT ALL *THAT* NICE, REALLY.
BUT IN FAIRNESS, I GUESS THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH YOU CAN DO WITH A PLACE THAT SMELLS LIKE ¡PEE-YOO!¿ ***RENTED SHOES.***
NOW ARE YOU MUGS GOING TO COME QUIETLY? OR ARE YOU GOING TO...
...SPLIT?!

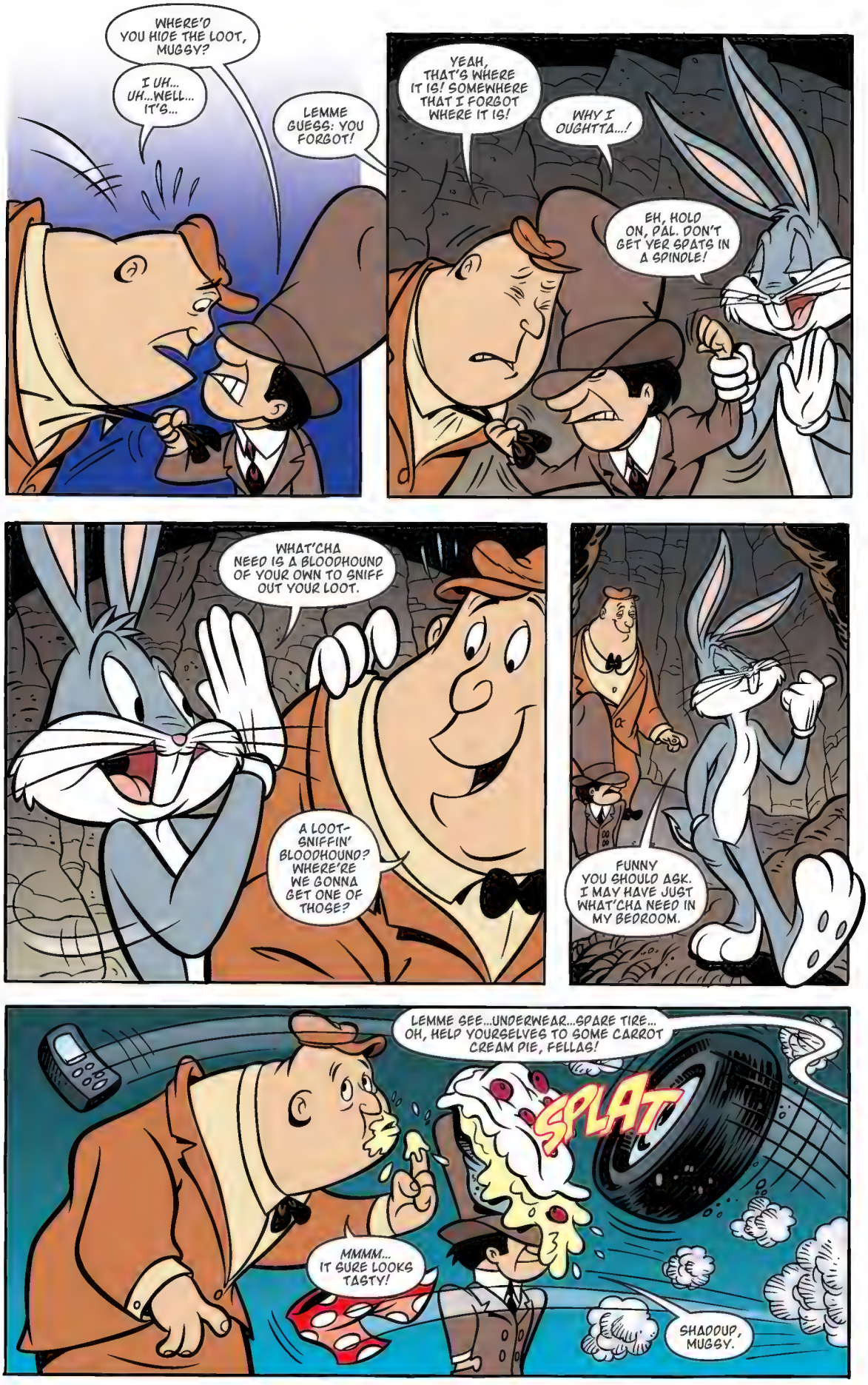

I KNEW IT WAS A MISTAKE TO QUIT THE TOON BOWLING LEAGUE.
BUT AT LEAST I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THOSE PROTECTION-RACKET GOONS. MAYBE SMITTY AT THE PAPER CAN MAKE A DRAWING BASED ON MY DESCRIP--
CREEAK
EEEP.
WHOOOOOOSH
NRGLMATZ BLMxFTAA!
WELL, THAT CERTAINLY HELPED WITH THE SHOE SMELL.
I GUESS THOSE TWO REALLY WANTED TO STAY OUT OF THE PAPERS.
EXCUSE ME, MISS...UM, BUNNY?
SORRY, CHUM, NO AUTOGRAPHS TODAY. I'M ON THE CLOCK.
OH! NO, I JUST WANTED TO GIVE YOU THE BILL FOR THE USE OF OUR BALL. I DIDN'T ACTUALLY KNOW WHO YOU WERE UNTIL I SAW...
...THIS. THE, ER, TORNADO DROPPED IT?
HUH. NOT ENOUGH HERE TO READ THE ARTICLE.
MUST HAVE HAPPENED IN THAT "TORE"-NADO. GET IT?
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE LOLA BUNNY?
JOURNALIST WINS BIG-TIME AWARD
"Whatever Lola wants," explains Daily Noir editor

EDITOR
WELL, I'LL BE A BLOGGER BEHIND A PAYWALL! WITH YOUR EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT, YOU'VE BROKEN THIS STORY WIDE OPEN, LOLA!
NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIGURE OUT THIS CLUE AND CATCH THOSE PROTECTION RACKETEERS!
VERY SERIOUS JOURNALIST LOLA BUNNY WINS BIG-TIME AWARD
"Whatever Lola wants," explains Daily Noir editor
SMITTY! HOW ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE SUSPECT SKETCHES?
JUST FINISHED, BOSS!
EDITOR
THAT'S THEM! GREAT WORK, SMITTY!
ROCKY AND MUGSY! MY FRIENDS AT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM.
BUT THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN STRICTLY SMALL-TIME. WHERE DID THEY GET THE FIREPOWER TO KNOCK DOWN BUILDINGS?
EDITOR
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, SAM...
...BUT WE HELPED THEM GET IT. AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA ON HOW TO WRAP THIS UP FOR THE EVENING EDITION!
VERY SERIOUS JOURNALIST LOLA BUNNY WINS BIG-TIME AWARD
"Whatever Lola wants," explains Daily Noir editor
LATER.
HE'S NOT GOING TO SHOW UP.
OF COURSE HE IS! HE'S NOT A BAD GUY, HE WAS JUST LOOKING FOR A JOB!
EDITOR
JOBS OFFICE
I'M JUST GLAD THE AD DEPARTMENT FOUND HIS PHONE NUMBER.
IF THIS WORKS, I'M JUST GLAD YOUR REPORTER'S INSTINCTS HAD YOU TURN THAT SCRAP OF PAPER...

...OVER.
NOK NOK
BLAAFLMAZLPT FSPTZFGAA?
COME IN! IT'S...
HELP WANTED
Hard worker.
Disrupters welcome.
Enthusiasm a plus.
Not asking questions:
REQUIRED
Send contact info to the Daily Noir at box
...OPEN.
JOBS OFFICE
THUNK
I KNEW I RECOGNIZED THAT VOICE AT THE BOWLING ALLEY!
AND THAT TELLING HIM THERE WAS AN EXECUTIVE-LEVEL JOB AVAILABLE WOULD GET HIM TO COME IN!
I KNEW OUR FRIENDS IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE WOULD BE HAPPY TO DO THE CITY'S TOP INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER A FAVOR! TALK ABOUT A GREAT DAY'S WORK!
PROTECTION RACKET BUSTED!
T. DEVIL APPOINTED COMMISSIONER OF URBAN DEVELOPMENT
"Eeyooftz!" says new hire
I'M CALLING IT A NIGHT, LOLA! CARE TO JOIN THE REST OF THE STAFF FOR SOME SARSAPARILLA?
I'LL TAKE A RAIN CHECK, BOSS... I'VE GOT TOMORROW'S FRONT PAGE TO CHASE!
That's all Folks!

THE TASMANIAN BLOODHOUND
STORY BY BILL MATHENY
PENCILS BY WALTER CARZON
INKS BY HORACIO OTTOLINI
COLORS BY CANDACE SCHINZLER-BELL
LETTERS BY WES ABBOTT
EDITS BY JESSICA CHEN
THERE THEY ARE!
LET THE DOGS LOOSE!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, ROCKY? WE'RE GONNA SEE SOME DOGGIES!
SHADDUP AND KEEP RUNNING, YA MUG! WE'VE GOT TO FIND US A HIDEOUT!
WALTER CARZON HORACIO OTTOLINI
LOOK, ROCKY, A BUNNY HOLE!
SO WHAT?
HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, MUGGY?
AIN'T NOBODY GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR US IN NO RABBIT HOLE, RIGHT, ROCKY? HUH? RIGHT?


WHAT'S DA BIG IDEA TRACKING ALL DAT DIRT INTO ME RABBIT HOLE, PAL? I JUST WAXED ME FLOOR!
AWW, THE POOR BUNNY RABBIT HAS A DIRTY FLOOR! AIN'T THAT A SHAME, ROCKY?
SHADDUP, MUGGY!
EH, WHAT'S UP, DOC?
WHAT'S UP, RABBIT, IS THAT WE'RE TAKING OVER THIS JOINT UNTIL THOSE COPPERS ARE GONE, SEE?
GOT IT. AND HOW LONG WILL I BE ENJOYIN' DA COMPANY OF YOU NON-FOOT-WIPERS?
PUT ME DOWN BEFORE I SLAP YOU SILLY, MUGGY!
JUST SHAKING OUT YOUR SUIT, ROCKY. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LIKE TO LOOK SNAZZY!
ALL RIGHT, MUGGY, ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS GET OUR LOOT THAT YOU HID, AND THEN WE CAN BLOW THIS POPSICLE STAND!
THAT'S GANGSTER TALK FOR "SAY BYE-BYE"!
DO TELL.

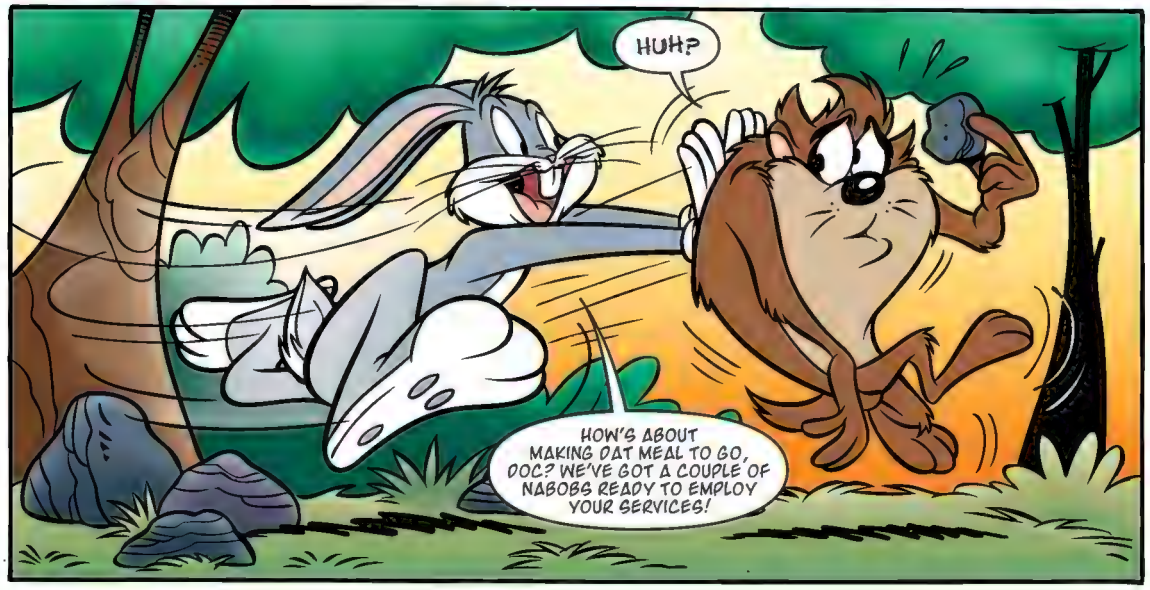

WHERE'D YOU HIDE THE LOOT, MUGSY?
I UH... UH...WELL... IT'S...
LEMME GUESS: YOU FORGOT!
YEAH, THAT'S WHERE IT IS! SOMEWHERE THAT I FORGOT WHERE IT IS!
WHY I OUGHTTA...!
EH, HOLD ON, PAL. DON'T GET YER SPATS IN A SPINDLE!
WHAT'CHA NEED IS A BLOODHOUND OF YOUR OWN TO SNIFF OUT YOUR LOOT.
A LOOT-SNIFFIN' BLOODHOUND? WHERE'RE WE GONNA GET ONE OF THOSE?
FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK. I MAY HAVE JUST WHAT'CHA NEED IN MY BEDROOM.
LEMME SEE...UNDERWEAR...SPARE TIRE... OH, HELP YOURSELVES TO SOME CARROT CREAM PIE, FELLAS!
SPLAT
MMMM... IT SURE LOOKS TASTY!
SHADDUP, MUGSY.

KLONK
I JUST REMEMBERED WHERE TO LOOK. HERE'S SOME COFFEE TO WASH DOWN THAT PIE!
OUCH, RABBIT!

CHOMP CHOMP
UHHHH...

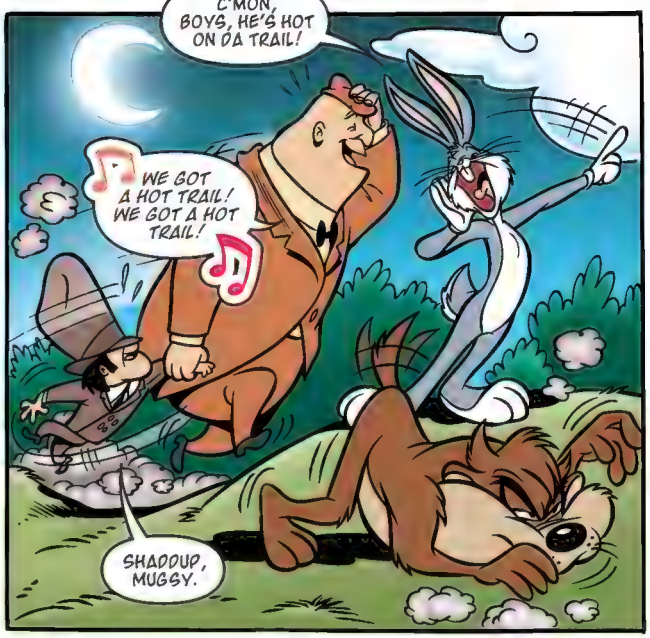
SKRIT SKRIT

MMMMMMMM!
CHOMP
CHOMP


HUH?
HOW'S ABOUT MAKING DAT MEAL TO GO, DOC? WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF NABOBS READY TO EMPLOY YOUR SERVICES!

HERE YA GO, BOYS. YOUR VERY OWN TASMANIAN BLOODHOUND, COMPLETE WITH DESIGNER FLEAS.
LOOK AT THE PRETTY DOGGIE! LOOK AT THE PRETTY DOGGIE!
HE DON'T LOOK LIKE NO BLOODHOUND TO ME.
UH-UH!
EH, HE CAN TRACK ANYTHING, DOC! ALL HE NEEDS IS A SCENT TO GO ON.
WELL, I KEPT THE LOOT IN ONE OF MY DIRTY LAUNDRY BAGS, LIKE THIS ONE!
UNGHH...
GEE, I JUST WASHED IT LAST YEAR, ROCKY!
...UNGHHHHH!
YA MIND PUTTIN' THAT THING AWAY BEFORE ME WALLPAPER STARTS TO PEEL?

WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM NOW?
=SNIFF= =SNIFF=... HUH?
I THINK HE GOT A WHIFF OF YOUR LOOT, DOC.

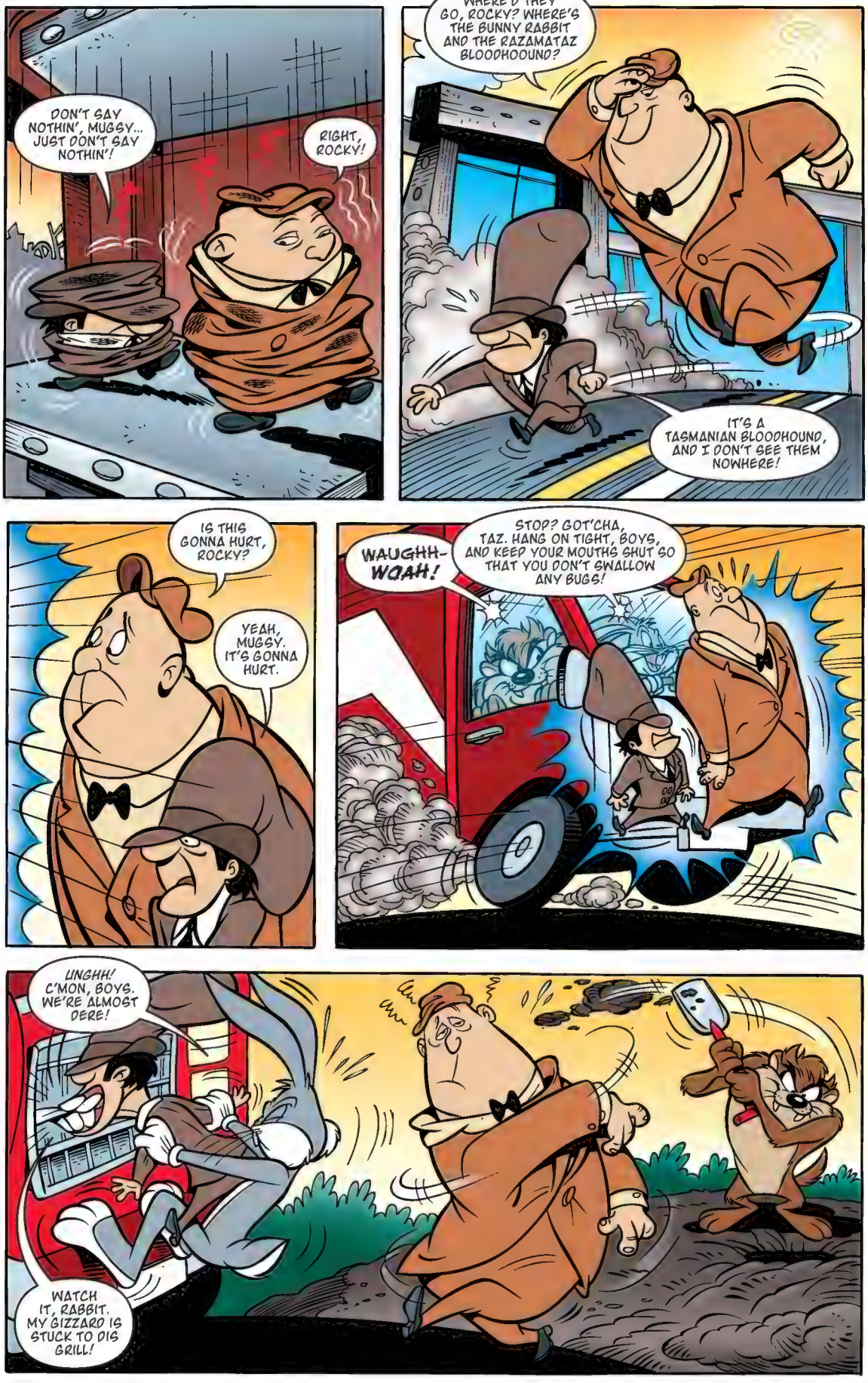

C'MON, BOYS, HE'S HOT ON DA TRAIL!
WE GOT A HOT TRAIL! WE GOT A HOT TRAIL!
SHADDUP, MUGSY.

ACME JUNKYARD
THAT'S FUNNY, I DON'T REMEMBER GOIN' TO NO JUNKYARD.
SO WHAT? YOU CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR NAME HALF THE TIME, YA MUG!

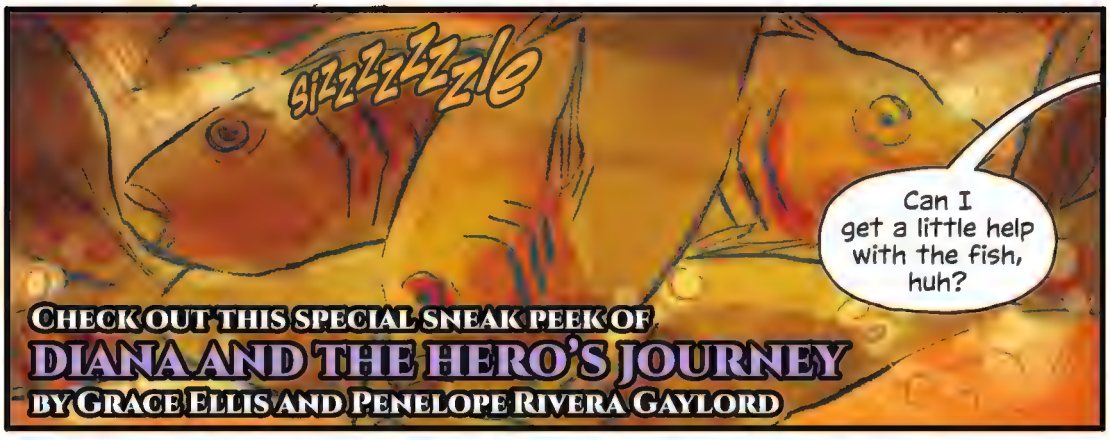
ARE WE GETTING CLOSER, TAZ?
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

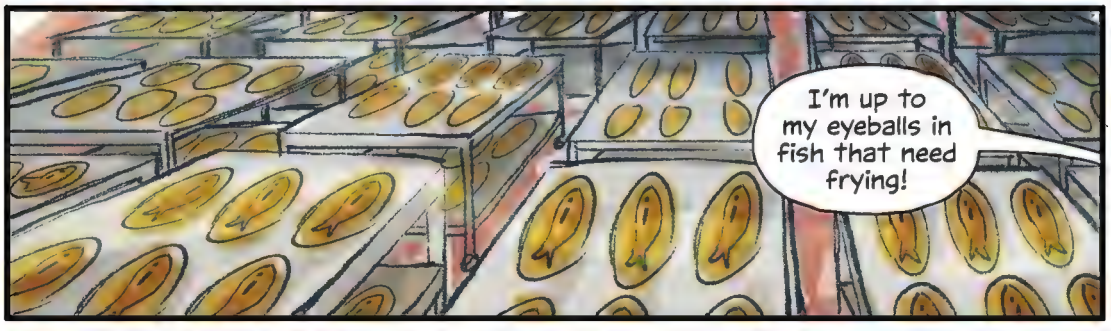
EH, YA MIGHT WANT TO PICK UP THE PACE, BOYS!
THAT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA, ROCKY.
SHADDUP, MUGSY! I AIN'T TAKING ORDERS FROM NO RABBIT.

WHAM!


DON'T SAY NOTHIN', MUGSY... JUST DON'T SAY NOTHIN'!
RIGHT, ROCKY!
WHERE'D THEY GO, ROCKY? WHERE'S THE BUNNY RABBIT AND THE RAZAMATAZ BLOODHOOUND?
IT'S A TASMANIAN BLOODHOUND, AND I DON'T SEE THEM NOWHERE!
IS THIS GONNA HURT, ROCKY?
YEAH, MUGSY. IT'S GONNA HURT.
WAUGHH-WOAH!
STOP? GOT'CHA, TAZ. HANG ON TIGHT, BOYS, AND KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT SO THAT YOU DON'T SWALLOW ANY BUGS!
UNGHH! C'MON, BOYS. WE'RE ALMOST DERE!
WATCH IT, RABBIT. MY GIZZARD IS STUCK TO DIS GRILL!

WELL, HANG ON TO IT, PAL, BECAUSE YA MAY BE UP TO YOUR GIZZARDS IN GREENBACKS SOON!
BLEAH-LEAH-YEAH!
OOOF! YOU TWO BETTER LAY OFF DA DESSERTS. YA GOT A LITTLE TOO MUCH JUNK IN YOUR GANGSTER TRUNKS!
SCRUNCH
OH BOY! THERE'S A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!
KEEP IT MOVING, OR YOU'RE GONNA SEE THE FIST AT THE END OF MY ARM!
DO YOU SEE THAT, ROCKY? WE GOT US A POLICE ESCORT TO OUR MONEY!
YEAH. AIN'T WE THE LUCKY ONES...?
THAT DOG FOUND THE BAG OF DIRTY LAUNDRY THAT WE LEFT BEHIND. AIN'T THAT GREAT, ROCKY? HUH? AIN'T IT?
SHADDUP, MUGGY, BEFORE I TAKE A SWING AT DAT ROCK-LIKE SKULL OF YOURS!
MMMMMMMM... BURP!
HEH, HEH, HEH. JUST LIKE THEIR BAG OF DIRTY LAUNDRY, AIN'T I A STINKER?
That's all Folks!


sizzzzzzle
Can I get a little help with the fish, huh?
CHECK OUT THIS SPECIAL SNEAK PEEK OF
DIANA AND THE HERO'S JOURNEY
BY GRACE ELLIS AND PENELOPE RIVERA GAYLORD


I'm up to my eyeballs in fish that need frying!

Baklava.
Delicious, delicious baklava.

whoa!
SHINK!

What'd I tell ya about sneaking around my kitchen, D?

"Sneaking is for rats, and rats don't belong in the kitchen."
Exactly.
As though I wouldn't let ya eat as many pastries as ya want.
Thank you, Chef Xenia.
My pleasure.
Although, to be honest, you're still on my bad side.
Gotta remake a lotta meals for a whole lotta folk at the festival tonight.
My mother says I should help however I can.
Oh yeah, Princess? How's that workin' out so far?
So far, it's mostly been Sophia telling me the story of Hero.
Oooh, not such a bad day, then.
I love that story.
You do? But it's so boring.
Boring?

How can you say that about Hero?
She's the best!
She's so sad all the time!
What? No she's not.
Hero... That woman is *everything.*
And her story *has* everything.
Banquets.
Swashbuckling.
Tons of food.
Everything!

I gotta tell ya, if you thought it was boring, you're either a few grapes shy of a bunch or Sophia told it to ya wrong.
Can you hand me that lemon?
How could it be wrong? She was reading off the official scroll.
Well, there's your problem! A story that good, ya gotta give it some—
Pizzazz!
clap clap clap
Thank you, Phyllis.
Where did Sophia leave off?
Hero just left the village on a quest to find the Sword of a Thousand Souls.
Perfect, she left all the best cuts for me.
So, it goes like this...

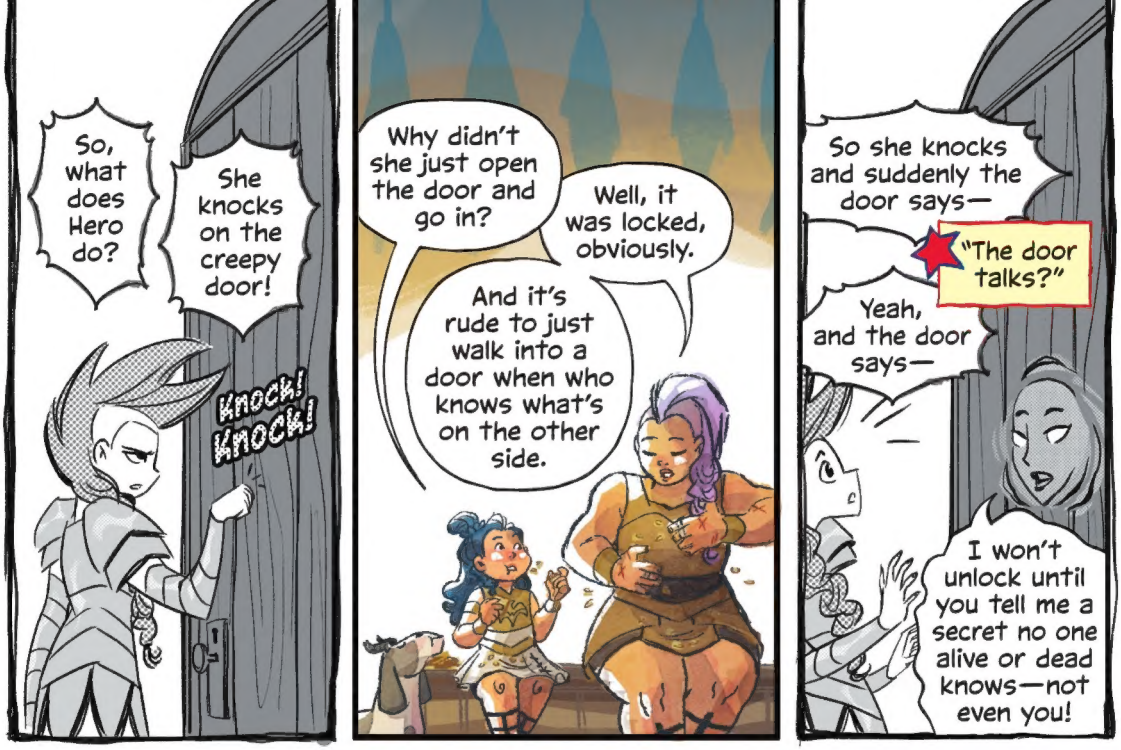
So you've got Hero, right?
She's brave, she's bold, she's beautiful, we love her.

Oh, and she's been gifted her talking dog that shows her where to go.

A talking dog?
I thought it was a goat.
What? No. A goat?
I mean, what??

I would like to have my own talking dog.
A talking dog would make a good companion.
No offense, Phyllis.

ANYWAY. She has a talking dog.
So, she's on this quest to get this sword, the Sword of a Thousand Souls, and she's walking through this forest.
And she finds this door, right?
Creepy door, right in the middle of the forest.
And she's like—
What the heck is this? Why is there a creepy door in the middle of the forest?
But the dog is like—
Ya gotta go through that door.
For the quest.
Bark, bark, and so on.


So, what does Hero do?
She knocks on the creepy door!
Knock! Knock!
Why didn't she just open the door and go in?
Well, it was locked, obviously.
And it's rude to just walk into a door when who knows what's on the other side.
So she knocks and suddenly the door says—
"The door talks?"
Yeah, and the door says—
I won't unlock until you tell me a secret no one alive or dead knows—not even you!

But all poetic and stuff, like it rhymes but whatever, you get it.
Before she can think of a good secret—

Bam!
Bandits attack!
Bandits!!
THE LEGEND CONTINUES IN
DIANA AND THE HERO'S JOURNEY!

Can Diana harness the power of truth and community to become WONDER WOMAN?

DIANA and the HERO'S JOURNEY

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Written by
New York Times bestselling author
GRACE ELLIS

Drawn by
PENELOPE RIVERA GAYLORD

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A new graphic novel for kids

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